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AMES SERIES OF  
STANDARD AND MINOR DRAMA

NO. 423.

# ↔ The Strike. ↔

DRAMA

WITH CAST OF CHARACTERS, ENTRANCES AND  
EXITS, RELATIVE POSITIONS OF THE PERFORMERS  
ON THE STAGE, DESCRIPTION OF COSTUMES AND  
THE WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS, CARE-  
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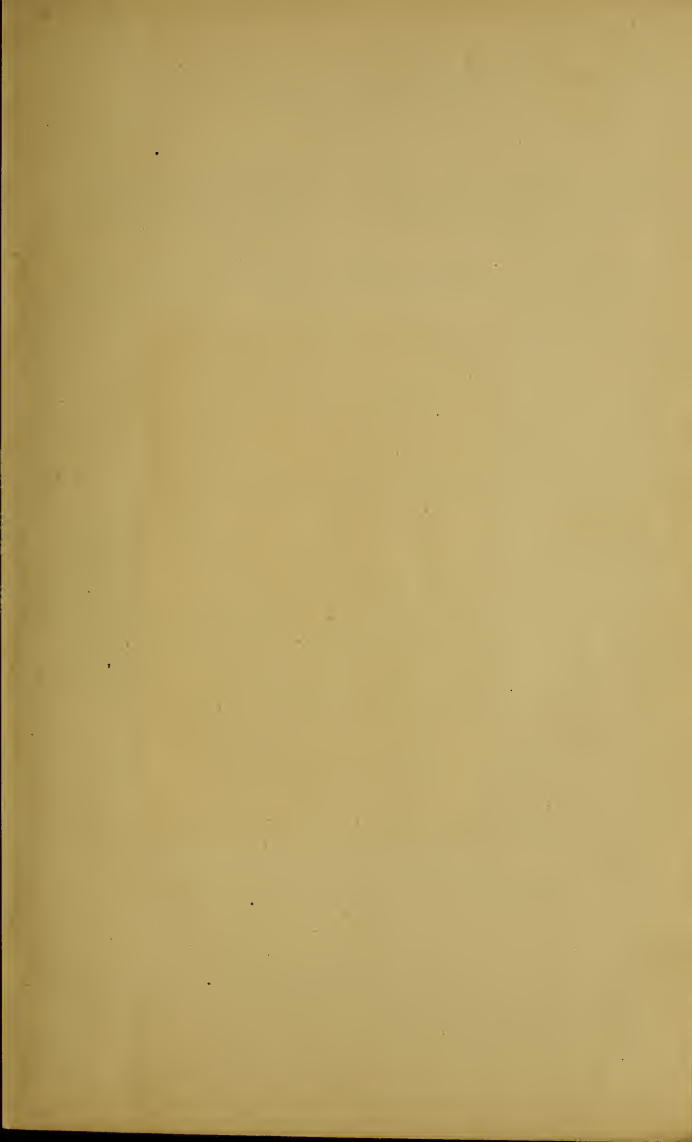
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The Strike;  
—OR—  
Under the Shadow of  
a Crime.

85970

A DRAMA.

IN FIVE ACTS.

—BY—

William Ward Russ.

—O—

—TO WHICH IS ADDED—

A DESCRIPTION OF THE COSTUMES—CAST OF THE CHARAC-  
TERS—ENTRANCES AND EXITS—RELATIVE POSITIONS  
OF THE PERFORMERS ON THE STAGE, AND THE  
WHOLE OF THE STAGE BUSINESS.

—O—

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R79

# THE STRIKE.

## CAST OF CHARACTERS.

ROBERT BELKNAP,..... *Foreman in the shops.*  
 COL. DODSON,..... *Proprietor of Dodson's shops.*  
 LOUIS STEVENSON,..... *A villain.*  
 ALEX. STEVENSON,..... *Overseer in the shops.*  
 FRED HARDING,..... *A clerk.*  
 DRAKES,..... *A dissolute character.*  
 RUFFIAN,..... *An accomplice of Drakes.*

### OFFICER AND WORKMAN.

ARIEL DODSON,..... *Col. Dodson's daughter.*  
 CARRIE BELKNAP,..... *Robert's sister.*  
 BETTIE,..... *Well meaning, but unfortunate.*  
 KATE,..... *A maid.*

—X—

*TIME OF PERFORMANCE—1 hour and 50 minutes.*

—X—

### COSTUMES.

BELKNAP.—Act 2nd. Working suit, colored suit, changes for better suit in last part of act and rest of play. Cap or soft hat at first, hat afterwards.

LOUIS STEVENSON.—Act 1st. Stylish summer suit, hat in keeping. Act 4th. Gloves and cane, may change suit—fashionably dressed, black mustache.

COL. DODSON.—Well dressed, suit and hat suitable for old gentleman. Act 4th. Appears in dressing gown at last part; gray wig and side whiskers.

STEVENSON.—Good business suit, soft hat, mustache.

FRED.—Business suit, derby hat.

DRAKES.—Old clothes, hat in keeping.

RUFFIAN.—Old clothes, hat in keeping, black beard.

OFFICER.—Plain dark suit.

WORKMAN.—Working suit.

ARIEL.—Act 1st. Morning or street dress, with hat to match. Act 3rd. Dark dress, or black, with veil or head covering. Act 4th. Light summer dress. Act 5th. Dark dress, hat to match.

CARRIE.—Act 2nd. Plain house dress. In other acts, black or dark dress, with plain hat or head covering.

BETTIE.—Act 1st. Dress torn, rather dowdy looking. Acts 3rd. and 5th. Better dress.

KATE.—Act 3rd. Dark or black dress; plain hat or head covering. Act 4th. White apron, dress suitable for maid.

—X—

### PROPERTIES.

ACT I.—Certificate for Lewis. Letter for Ariel. Letters and writing material on the desks.

ACT II.—Letter for Stevenson. Sewing for Carrie.

ACT III.—Pistol and money for Lewis. Knife and bottle for Drakes. Knife for Ruffian. Bomb and matches for Stevenson.

ACT IV.—Letter for Colonel.

ACT V.—Handcuffs, writs and pistol for Officer. Pistol for Lewis.

## SYNOPSIS OF EVENTS.

ACT I.—Office of Col. Dodson—The false certificate—"I know no friendship which interferes with my ambition"—Scheming for a fortune—"You are an old fool"—"Once he is out of the way, all is clear"—Father and son talk over an old crime—"He may yet be able to clear his father's name"—Chip of the old block—Louis forces his father to accept his terms—Drakes and Louis—"I'll touch him for a dime"—An old sweetheart—The secret is known—Certificate 417—"I knew he was innocent, the other is a forgery."

ACT II.—Robert Belknap's home—Shops shut down—Discharged—"My father's name shall be cleared"—"He has made me a social outcast"—The strike—"I must meet with the men"—"The Col. shall hear of this"—"I cannot be your wife while under the shadow of a crime"—"Fred will stand in my place, if not a brother, as a husband."

ACT III.—The park by night—"This strike suits my purpose"—The conspiracy—"See that he is drugged"—Louis and Drake plan murder of Bettie—The meeting—"I scorn and despise you"—"Help!"—Kidnapped—The lover's meeting place—The engagement broken—The bomb—"May the holy saints protect me"—Louis accidentally shoots his father—"I must conceal my part in this affair"—Robert accused of murder.

ACT IV.—Col. Dodson's grounds—Father and daughter—The letter—The strike is ended—Carrie informs Ariel that Louis Stevenson is Robert's enemy—"I have been deceived, my promise has been wrung from me through false representations"—The Col. overhears Carrie and Ariel—"Begone, these are my grounds"—"You would strike a woman."

ACT V.—The prison—This is for the faithful discharge of my duty—Brother and sister—Meeting of Robert and Ariel—"They made me believe you guilty—"Spare your daughter"—"Father, this is the first time I have disobeyed you"—"I have already chosen, once more I say, go!"—The arrest of Louis—The witness—Charged with murder—"Faith, and wasn't Oi an eye witness to the shooting?"—I have played my last card and lost—Robert cleared—A happy ending.

—X—

## STAGE DIRECTIONS.

R., means Right; L., Left; R. H., Right Hand; L. H., Left Hand; c., Center; S. E., (2d E.) Second Entrance; U. E., Upper Entrance; M. D., Middle Door; F., the Flat; D. F., Door in Flat; R. c., Right of Center; L. c., Left of Center.

R.

R. C.

C.

L. C.

L.

\* \* \* The reader is supposed to be upon the stage facing the audience.

# THE STRIKE.

—OR—

Under the Shadow of a Crime.

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## ACT I.

*SCENE.*—Office at DODSON'S shop—bucket of water and tin cup at rear, office desk at R., high desk at L., with stool, chairs, door C.—LOUIS STEVENSON seated at a desk, writing—rises with a paper in his hand.

*Louis.* (*solus*) I pride myself upon being a skillful penman. I have imitated Robert Belknap's hand writing to a nicety. If I file this certificate in the place from where I took the original certificate, no one will ever discover that it is a forgery. (*goes over to the other desk and places the certificate in a pigeon hole*) People talk of friendship and honor! I know no friendship which interferes with my ambition—no honor which stands in the way of my success. If a man crosses my path, I will down him—by foul means, if fair means don't succeed. Life is a struggle for existence, and to my notion, whatever means he employs, the fellow who comes out on top, wins. That Robert Belknap is my-rival, is his misfortune, not mine.

*Enter ALEX STEVENSON, C. E., unobserved.*

*Stevenson.* (*aside*) I wonder what is up now!

*Louis.* (*continuing*) I marry Col. Dodson's daughter! When the Colonel steps out, I am in possession of half a million dollars—or my wife is, which is one and the same thing.

*Stev.* You marry the Colonel's daughter?

*Louis.* (*turning*) Yes, that was what I said.

*Stev.* It is easily said. I will at least give you credit for having high ideas.

*Louis.* What is to hinder my marrying her? Is she any better than I am? Her father began life as a poor mechanic—was a shop-man!

*Stev.* That may be, but beware, you are on dangerous ground. You seek to gain by stroke of policy that which you should win by honest worth.

(*sits in chair*)



*Louis.* (*leaning against desk*) You are an old fool.

*Stev.* And you the most disrespectful and ungrateful of sons.

*Louis.* Come, come, old man, this will not do. You know how matters are. James Belknap was arrested for robbing the company. The money was taken from the safe, and as he was the only person who had access to the safe, suspicion naturally fell upon him. That he did not take the money, you know. Well, the old man is dead now, but he has a son, a proud fellow. Did it ever occur to you that that son would never rest easy until he had discovered and brought the guilty party to punishment? But if suspicion can be made to fall upon him, as being implicated in the theft, or some crime fastened onto him—and this can be done—then we are safe. More than this, Robert Belknap is a suitor for the hand of Ariel Dodson. Once he is out of the way, and all is clear for me.

*Stev.* (*aside*) Ah! I see. When first I had knowledge of this crime, better were it that I had let the guilty party be brought to justice, even though he were my own son, than that the innocent should be made to suffer, and I haunted by this awful fear. (*aloud*) And why must I be dragged into this business? Only last night I thought I saw the old man as he appeared when brought into the court room, and people pointed him out as the thief, and when he turned reproachfully toward me, I felt that I was accused, and I could not restrain myself from crying out.

*Louis.* Well, it was a dream. You are not well. There is nothing to fear from dead men, and now we are in for it, we must see the business through. While Robert Belknap is outside of prison walls, he may yet be able to prove his father's innocence. I'll have him meet disgrace so deep that he'll never live it down, and truth from his lips will be deemed a falsehood.

*Stev.* And so a new crime must be added to an already black record. But go on.

*Louis.* Robert Belknap shall never marry Ariel Dodson.

*Stev.* So you have said before. A fine son-in-law you will make! A profligate—a spendthrift—you who stole the Colonel's money, and now would marry his daughter!

*Louis.* I am none the worse from having seen something of life. I have spent a little money, it is true, but if I marry the Colonel's daughter, I retrieve all.

*Stev.* You have the making of a gentleman, had you the honor of a man.

*Louis.* I asked you to meet me before office hours to talk over some matters of business. There was an engine returned to the shops yesterday—badly constructed—didn't work—something was wrong with it.

*Stev.* Yes, but that is nothing to you. I am fortunate if I do not lose my place for letting that engine go out of the shops imperfect.

*Louis.* Just so! I am fully aware that you are! The Colonel returns to-day. Are you going to confess to carelessness?

*Stev.* (*rising*) I know not what I shall do.

*Louis.* I will tell you. Shift the blame off your own shoulders onto Belknap. He holds the position next below you. He is ambitious. He is working for your place. Now is your time.

*Stev.* It is not an easy thing to do. I let that engine go out of the shops imperfect.

*Louis.* Leave the matter in my hands, and I will arrange every-

thing.

*Stev.* I do not like to bring false charges against any man

*Louis.* But in this case it becomes a necessity.

*Stev.* No, no, I will not! It is a damnable business. (*starts to go*)

*Louis.* Hold on, old man? I'm but a chip off the old block. I have received an education—been brought up to be a gentleman. I must maintain my position. It takes money. The prison stares you and I in the face.

*Stev.* That disgrace would kill me.

*Louis.* You agree to this plan of mine?

*Stev.* I agree. What other course is left me?

*Louis.* Remember, we are playing for big stakes. If we win, everything is ours. If we loose—the devil will be to pay.

*Stev.* (*aside, going to C. E.*) Cursed folly—worse than folly, that I should ever have thought to make a gentleman of a son of mine. Better far that he'd been the poorest mechanic in the shops, and honored, than the spendthrift that he is. (*exit C. E.*)

*Louis.* (*solus*) He was too far in the mire himself to have washed his hands of it. An old man's repentance comes late. But now as to the Colonel! I have coddled him with soft words, tickled his vanity, acceded to his whims, concured with him in all his opinions and eccentricities. Ha, ha, ha! The old fool! And now I make love to his daughter, and all for his money.

*Enter DRAKES, C. E., looking around.*

*Drakes.* (*aside*) I'll touch him for a dime.

*Louis.* (*looking up*) Hello, Drakes! How are you this morning? Anything new?

*Drakes.* Yer haven't got anythin' to drink, have ye?

*Louis.* Nothing but aqua p'dra, microbe, bacteria, bipeds, quadrupeds, centipede, and everything else indigenous to the stuff thrown in. Help yourself—there's the bucket. (*points to bucket*)

*Drakes.* (*dipping into the bucket*) Aye, an' thank ye! (*aside*) An' begorra, it's nothing but water after all! (*aloud*) Faith, an' would ye ask a gintleman loike meself to drink water?

*Louis.* Ha, ha! I didn't know that you knew the stuff when you saw it.

*Drakes.* An' wasn't Oi nearly drowned in it when Oi fell into the river?

*Louis.* Well, it's my treat. But, you are not at work to-day?

*Drakes.* No, fur didn't Oi get a lay off yesterday. An' says Oi, it's a lay off or another cut in wages, and sure wasn't it.

*Louis.* How do the men take it?

*Drakes.* An' they don't take it at all, niver at all, an' they'll be fur goin' on a strike, they will.

*Louis.* I don't blame them if they do strike. If it was my say, the men would receive good wages.

*Drakes.* That's you, me boy!

*Louis.* (*confidentially*) Suppose we go over to the saloon on the corner.

*Drakes.* Oi'm with ye. Ah Louis, me boy! (*goes to L. E.*) Oi niver refuse to drink with a gintleman.

*Louis.* (*aside*) I must stand in with the men.

*Drakes.* An' begorra, ain't you coming?

*Louis.* (*aside*) He is my man for anything I want.

(*exit* DRAKES and LOUIS, L. E.)

*Enter* BETTIE, C. E., cautiously.

*Bettie.* (*solus*) I wonder if it is not time for Louis Stevenson. 'Tis not likely, though, he'll be glad to see me. I use to be Louis' sweetheart, but now he never speaks to me. Guess he does not know that I know he stole that money from the company. It slipped from his tongue accidental like. Ha, ha, ha! As if I am not as good as he is any day. I shouldn't be surprised if he expects to marry Miss Dodson, but he won't, not if I can help it. (*listens*) That sounds like him coming now.

*Enter* LOUIS, C. E.

*Louis.* A good stroke of business done this morning, and before office hours. (*sees* BETTIE) Hello! what do you want?

*Bettie.* Good morning!

*Louis.* Well!

*Bettie.* You appear surprised at seeing me.

*Louis.* (*aside*) No escaping her. (*aloud*) What brings you here? I want nothing of you.

*Bettie.* You do treat old friends rather coolly. so it would appear.

*Louis.* This is no place for you to come. If your business is with me, what do you want, quick?

*Bettie.* Possibly you can remember a time when you called on me, and I did not have to call on you?

*Louis.* (*aside*) Fool that I was! (*aloud*) Those times are gone. Things have changed. I am a gentleman. And you—

*Bettie.* Was good enough for you once. But wait? Did you ever tell anyone where you got your money to play the gentleman with?

*Louis.* (*nervously*) What do you mean? What money?

*Bettie.* Oh! the money you took from the Company's safe. You were very confiding to me. It may be you do not remember—your memory is not over and above good, you know, seeing you've forgotten me so soon.

*Louis.* There was no truth in what I said—it was all talk—I must have drank too much wine, and imagined it.

*Bettie.* I think you had taken a little too much wine, or something else. You would not want me to mention to any one what you said?

*Louis.* (*aside*) The deuce, no! (*aloud*) There was nothing in it, Bettie. Of course I did not steal the money. If I had not been drinking, I never would have told you any such story.

*Bettie.* (*aside*) I do not doubt that.

*Louis.* Bettie, you have been having a rather hard time of it of late.

*Bettie.* (*aside*) That I have, and no mistake, with mother sick and father out of work.

*Louis.* Perhaps I have not done right by you, but that can not be helped now. I want to make some amends. Take this.

(*offers her money*)

*Bettie.* (*indignantly*) No, never! Do you think that money will repay for the wrongs you have done me? Will it heal a broken

heart?

*Louis.* I meant no harm. It is all right for you to take it. No more than fair I help you.

*Bettie.* I will never take money from your hands. I came here to ask you to use your influence to get my father back into the shops. For him I ask it, but for myself I would starve before I would ask one favor from your hand.

*Louis.* I will do what I can. We are laying off men every day, and it is doubtful—I can't promise.

*Bettie.* I make no threats. I only ask it for old acquaintance sake. Ask it as a daughter. Ask it for father—mother—to keep us from starving.

(*exit L. E., backing out slowly*)

*Louis. (solus)* She has gone, has she! Ah! and she knows my secret. Better for her had she kept it to herself.

*Enter FRED, C. E., whistling.*

*Fred.* Good morning, Mr. Stevenson.

*Louis.* Good morning. If the Colonel comes in, please inform him that I will be back directly. (*aside*) I have private business of my own to attend to.

(*exit C. E.*)

*Fred. (singing)* Fifteen dollars a week in my inside pocket. (*takes off coat, sits down at desk at L.*) Well, I earn it. So up the hill of prosperity I climb. If fortune favors me, by the first of the year, it will be seventy-five dollars a month. That ought to support two—two economical persons, willing to commence at the bottom and work up. Ah! love in a cottage—that is my idea of it; but this will never do! (*turns over some papers on the desk*) It's a queer thing—this bein' in love. It's distracting. (*sings two lines of Annie Rooney or some other song—opening a letter*) Here is a check. I will acknowledge receipt. Now this check is for \$1,000. (*holding it up and looking at it*) I wish I had one of my own. I'd buy that cottage Carrie likes so well. And then if she didn't fix the day—I'd—I'd—I'd make her! That's what I would. (*rises from desk*) Plague take that robbery. I'd marry Carrie just as quick even if I knew her father stole that money. But he didn't! Well, if I don't get to work, I'll not get that raise in salary.

*Enter COL. DODSON, C. E., unobserved.*

*Col.* No, I don't believe you will either. Not unless you give better attention than you were doing just now.

*Fred.* I beg pardon, Colonel, it is before office hours. Also, a raise in my salary in expectancy makes work lighter.

*Col. (looking at his watch)* Humph! I guess that it will be in expectancy. I will bear it in mind, though. The present conditions of business, however, do not warrant me in offering you much encouragement. Our force in the shops will have to be cut down. We will notify the men, too, of a ten per cent cut in wages. (*picks up a letter*) What is this? That new engine we sent to the Central Railway Company has been returned—not up to contract—doesn't work satisfactorily!

*Fred. (busy writing)* Yes, sir!

*Col.* And this is the first order we have filled for the Central! If this is the kind of work we send out, we are not likely to receive any more orders from them. Where is Louis?

*Fred.* He told me he would be back directly.

*Col.* I will consult Mr. Stevenson regarding this.

*(exit L. E. with letter)*

*Enter LOUIS, C. E.*

*Louis.* What! the Colonel been here? He's getting down to the office unusually early, seems to me.

*Fred.* He is often here before business hours.

*Louis.* I suppose that you told him that I was usually late?

*Fred.* I told him what you told me to tell him.

*Louis.* You did! *(turning over papers on his desk)* Well, did you see a letter from the Central Railway Company?

*Fred.* The Colonel has the letter.

*Louis.* The devil he has! How was the old man, was he much riled up over it?

*Fred.* He took it very quietly, considering everything.

*Louis.* You can depend upon it that he took it with a grimace, as if he had taken a dose of quinine. It was not a sweet dose. Robert Belknap is responsible for that piece of work leaving the shop imperfect.

*Fred.* If I remember right, it was your father who signed the inspector's receipt—that he made all the tests.

*Louis.* If you remember right! I know better. Look at the certificate. It is number 417, and you will see that it is signed Robert Belknap.

*Fred.* *(taking papers out of pigeon-hole in his desk, and looking among them)* There was a certificate signed by your father—I am positive of it.

*Louis.* *(looking over his shoulder and pointing)* There it is—you know Belknap's handwriting!

*Fred.* But I am positive—

*Louis.* I don't care what you are positive of! There is the evidence in black and white. Dispute it if you can!

*Enter ARIEL DODSON, C. E.*

*(Louis bowing politely)* Ah! Miss Dodson. A pleasant surprise to see you this morning.

*Ariel.* Thank you, Mr. Stevenson. Is my father here?

*Louis.* He is somewhere in the shops. I shall be pleased to call him if you wish.

*Ariel.* No—I will go into the shops myself—*(starts toward L. E.)* I like to see the machinery—and watch the men at work—but—no—I might soil my dress.

*Louis.* Besides it is no place for a lady to go, among rough men, and there is some danger—accidents are not infrequent. I will speak to your father.

*Ariel.* *(hesitating)* He may be busy!

*Louis.* Never so busy but that he can see his daughter.

*Ariel.* *(aside)* If I could have but a word with Robert! 'Twould not be even probable. *(with sudden inspiration)* Ah, I know! *(to Louis)* You may speak to my father, and tell him that I wish to see him as soon as he is at liberty—I will wait in the carriage.

*Louis.* *(bowing)* With pleasure, Miss Dodson.

*(exit at L. E., drops a paper)*

*Ariel.* (*nervously, to FRED*) You are a friend of Robert Belknap's?

*Fred.* (*getting up from his desk*) Indeed I am! We have been close friends for years. And why should we not be? No truer, nobler fellow ever breathed than he. His word is as good as the deed—his honesty and integrity, above reproach.

*Ariel.* Then I can trust you with this note for him. Do not mention it—my father has forbidden me to meet him.

(*hands FRED a letter*)

*Fred.* This letter shall be delivered safely into his hands. Robert Belknap feels very keenly the distrust with which people regard him. He is very sensitive when his honor is questioned. And has he not a right to be, when there is not the slightest grounds for implicating him in the robbery?

*Ariel.* Oh, it is too bad. I do believe him innocent!

*Fred.* Believe him innocent! I know that he is innocent!

*Ariel.* Would that the proof were not wanting. But truth will triumph! I know it will! But my father will be waiting for me—I must go.

(*exit C. E.*)

*Fred.* (*solus*) Yes, truth will triumph! Robert Belknap's name shall be vindicated! (*picks up the certificate LOUIS dropped*) What is this? Certificate No. 417, signed Alex Stevenson! I knew he signed it. The other is a forgery.

*Enter LOUIS, L. E., unobserved, snatches the certificate from FRED's hand.*

*Louis.* This belongs to me!

## CURTAIN.

## ACT II.

*SCENE.*—ROBERT BELKNAP'S home—a plainly furnished room with table set—C. and L. E.—CARRIE BELKNAP seated in a rocking chair, sewing.

*Carrie.* (*solus*) I wonder what has detained Robert so long this evening. I have been waiting supper an hour. I fear something has gone wrong at the shops. (*rises and listens*) Since father's death, and all the trouble about the robbery, I have lived in constant dread and apprehension of some impending calamity. (*listens again*) Ah! there he comes now. I hear his footsteps!

*Enter ROBERT BELKNAP, dejectedly.*

Why, Robert, what has kept you so long? I have been waiting supper for you all this time!

*Bel.* You should not have waited for me, sister. I know that I am late this evening, but am likely to be early enough in the future. Things have gone badly at the shops. There is not work enough to keep all the men busy, so—

*Carrie.* So what? The shops have shut down, or—

*Bel.* About the same thing—short time—another ten per cent cut of wages has been ordered.

*Carrie.* Another cut, and following so close on the one made but



a short time ago? It will go hard with some of the men who have large families to support.

*Bel.* Yes, the men have my sympathy. Some of them have been idle now for a long time.

*Carrie.* We must try and help some of the families.

*Bel.* Yes, but we can do little. I am now one of those who are out of employment.

*Carrie.* What do you mean? It can not be—you discharged?

*Bel.* Yes, it seems that my services are no longer needed.

*Carrie.* And why? There must be some reason for this.

*Bel.* It would take too long to tell the whole story. I have felt it coming ever since the robbery. There has been an influence brought to bear against me. Yesterday an engine was returned to the shops. Stevenson says that I inspected the work, and passed upon it, but Stevenson lies.

*Carrie.* Hush! Do not talk so. You can explain to Col. Dodson.

*Bel.* Explain to a man who will not listen to reason—to a man who is the dupe of my worst enemy? Why, I am powerless to do anything! If I am struck, I have to take the blow—that is all!

*Carrie.* I do not like to hear you talk this way. Are you not misjudging Stevenson? He has always professed to be your friend. The Colonel has a right to rely upon what he says, for he holds a position above you.

*Bel.* My promotions were earned. But an excuse for my discharge has been wanting. It is not enough that my father should be made to suffer for a crime he never committed, but I must be treated as though I were a common thief.

*Carrie.* O! Robert, has it come to this? I know that my father was innocent—but the proof—

*Bel.* There was no proof—not one particle of proof—not even grounds for a reasonable suspicion of guilt!

*Carrie.* But he was not proven, not guilty. The jury disagreed.

*Bel.* Not proven! Is he then condemned? As true as there is a God above, it shall be proven some day that he was innocent.

*Carrie.* (*aside*) For him—too tardy, would justice be. (*aloud*) Till it is proven we must bear—

*Bel.* (*holding up his hand*) Stop! I know it all too well! Has it not hung over me like a horrible nightmare? Has it not followed me like an evil spirit I could not escape from? Am I not looked upon with suspicion? Has it not placed me under a ban—made me a social outcast?

*Carrie.* Yes, yes! I know—I feel all this. The disgrace—could I flee from it! Sometimes I think we should go away from here, but it would follow us, no matter where we went.

*Bel.* Yes, it would be like fleeing before one's own shadow.

*Carrie.* But come, supper is waiting.

*Bel.* (*sitting down at the table*) I am not hungry. My thoughts are too busy for me to think of eating. It is too much to bear uncomplainingly.  
(*covers his face with his hands*)

*Enter FRED, C. E., excitedly.*

*Fred.* (*suddenly looking alarmed*) What! Carrie—some trouble?

*Carrie.* (*turning*) Always trouble now.

*Fred.* Have you heard that the men are going out on a strike? I

accidentally discovered that this course had been determined upon.

*Bel. (rising)* I expected it! They have reason for being dissatisfied. Do you know the particulars?

*Fred.* Nothing, only that the majority of the men favor a strike. Definite action will be taken at their meeting to-night. There isn't a doubt but that they will go out.

*Bel.* I have known it—it was sure to come. I must meet with the men. *(starts to go)*

*Fred.* Stay, I almost forgot—I have a message for you.

*(hands him a letter)*

*Bel.* From the Colonel? *(looks at the address)* No! a lady's handwriting. *(aside)* It—it can't be—*(opening the envelope)* from Ariel. She wishes to meet me—to-night. Once more to touch her hand. Could we but fly from here. No—her honor must be protected. *(to CARRIE)* I must go as soon as I can dress. I have an appointment.

*Carrie.* Robert, I do not want you to go, but if you must, you will use your influence to promote harmony, and prevent this strike?

*Bel.* The strike—O—yes, I will use my influence with the men. Always for the men. It matters not that I have grievances—that I have wrongs to set right! *(exit L. E.)*

*Enter LOUIS, C. E., unobserved.*

*Louis. (aside)* Rather bold words—he has grievances—wrongs to set right. The Colonel shall hear of this.

*Fred. (sees LOUIS)* Ah, Mr. Stevenson!

*Carrie.* Good evening, Mr. Stevenson. I did not hear you.

*Louis.* I thought likely, and as the door stood unlatched, I came in. A statement for Robert—his time, that is all.

*(hands paper to CARRIE)*

*Carrie.* Will you not stop? I will ask you to have supper with us?

*Louis.* No, thank you, I have not yet been home. *(exit C. E.)*

*Fred.* I do not like that! He must have overheard what was said. That statement was not so important, it could have been delivered at the office when called for.

*Carrie.* Do you think Louis unfriendly to Robert?

*Fred.* I have no reason for believing him friendly. Besides, I have noticed a change in him of late. He has not that open handed honest way he once had. Then, Robert and he have been rivals.

*Carrie.* But Robert can never expect to marry Ariel—not after what has occurred. O! what a lot of trouble we have had! It has come like a cloud and shut out the very light of heaven.

*Fred.* You make too much of it, Carrie! There is never a cloud so dark, but the sun shines beyond.

*Carrie. (aside)* It may be that the sun shines beyond the clouds. For Robert it will never shine as brightly as in the past. He loves Ariel—passionately. Ah! I can see his reasons for disliking Stevenson! What can so surely make us mad, as love?

*Fred. (approaching CARRIE)* Carrie, let me help you. Why put me off—keep me in suspense? You play at love, or is it that you do not love me?

*Carrie.* I love you too well, Fred, and would not let you rush headlong into such a marriage as ours would be. The disgrace I have to bear is enough for me. I would not bring it upon you.



*Fred.* I do not fear it.

*Carrie.* You do not realize what it would be to marry a felon's daughter! The shame—the disgrace! How it would sully your own name! What people would say! How in a hundred ways it would cause you to blush! No, I will spare you from what I have suffered.

*Fred.* Did I not know that your father was innocent, it would make no difference with me! Even had your father committed the crime, is that any reason why a stain should be cast upon your name?

*Carrie.* But 'tis made a reason.

*Fred.* (*passionately*) It is you I love, Carrie, because I know that you are good and pure. Now you put me off with an excuse which makes me hate myself, and think myself a coward, a rascal, a villain. You would have me desert you when you most need a friend.

*Carrie.* Stop, foolish boy! You do not know the folly you would be guilty of.

*Fred.* I know that my love for you is true and honest. For you I would willingly risk my life. And for fear of idle gossip and meddling tongues, you would have me be a coward.

*Carrie.* I would have you show your courage in some other way. Could you but know how bitter life has been for me—the looks that are more than words—the little slights—the coolness of friends, then you would know why it is that I can not be your wife. No! no! as much as I love you, I can not be your wife while under the shadow of this disgrace.

*Fred.* If your father's name is freed from all implication in the crime?

*Carrie.* Then yes, if you wish it.

*Fred.* His name shall be cleared. A crime so foul shall not go unpunished, if not for the sake of the memory of the dead, then for the living.

(*takes her hands in his, and as they stand together*)

*Enter ROBERT, L. E.—they hear him and start.*

*Bel.* (*approaching, and taking each by the hand*) My sister. My brother. Should anything happen to me, you Fred will stand in my place, if not a brother, as a husband. May God bless you both.

## CURTAIN.

## ACT III.

*SCENE.*—Park near COLONEL DODSON'S house, with trees in the background—stage darkened.

*Enter STEVENSON and LOUIS, L. E., talking.*

*Stev.* If you had used your influence with the men, this strike might have been averted.

*Louis.* It suits my purpose. But don't lay it to me—my influence with the men don't go very far.

*Stev.* How can it suit your purpose. What damnable purpose have you, that you can profit by having four hundred men out of work, and the shops idle?

*Louis.* I gain opportunity and co-operation, both valuable allies. But I want your assistance. You will see that Belknap is implicated in that conspiracy to destroy the Colonel's house.

*Stev.* I understand.

*Louis.* He may weaken. See that he is drugged.

*Stev.* I understand. Your tool again. I serve you, because I have gone too far to turn back. But God knows that I hate this business. *(exit R. E.)*

*Louis. (solus)* Well, well, some things are a little disagreeable. I have a piece of business I do not like very well, and the sooner it is over, the better. Bettie Norris passes here this evening. If it should happen that she is not seen again, what matters it? She knows quite too much for my safety. A slip of the tongue, a careless remark, and the game is lost. *(listening)* Some one comes.

*Enter DRAKES, R. E., muttering to himself.*

Well, here you are, Drakes. Now as to this matter—

*Drakes.* I'm at yer service. Money buys me.

*Louis.* What I want is this, it is necessary that a certain person—a woman—be put out of the way. In what manner, or what becomes of her, does not concern me.

*Drakes.* Er—er—woman, you say?

*Louis.* Yes, a woman—a wench—a female—what difference does it make who she is?

*Drakes.* Er—er—none. None whatever.

*Louis.* You must make no mistake—I'll give the signal. But remember, if ever one word escapes from your lips regarding this matter, you die?

*Drakes.* Niver a word. *(aside)* It would be like him to do as he says.

*Louis.* 'Tis well, then. But should you play me false—*(draws revolver)* you fail me, you know the consequences.

*Drakes. (cringing)* Take care there, it might be loaded.

*Louis.* I know that it's loaded. I loaded it myself. One touch of my finger, and you roll in the dust.

*Drakes.* Say, point her the other way—yer might accidentally let her go off!

*Louis.* No accidents unless you fail me.

*(puts revolver into his pocket)*

*Drakes.* I'm yer man fur anythin' yer want done. Show me the wench! I'll do the work. *(draws a knife and advances toward Louis threateningly)* I'll kill her, if yer but say so!

*Louis. (drawing back)* Look out what you are doing, you fool. Put up your knife. I said I wanted her put out of the way. In what manner, does not concern me.

*Drakes.* Yer forgot one little matter.

*Louis.* What.

*Drakes. (hoarse whisper)* Ther money.

*Louis.* Here it is. *(takes money from his pocket and gives it to him)* Fifty dollars—that was the agreement.

*Drakes.* An' fifty more when the work is done. Don't you forget that.

*Louis.* That is the agreement.

*(exit R. E.)*

*Drakes. (solus)* Ha! ha! ha! Fifty dollars. More money 'n I seen

fur many a day. Ha! ha! ha! an easy job—only a woman.

*Enter RUFFIAN, L. E.*

*Ruffian.* Hi there, yer got the swag?

*Drakes.* An' the devil it's safe. A woman it is—she's to be put out of the way.

*Ruf.* We're to kill her.

*Drakes.* Put her out of the way, or by the devil we'll be made to roll in the dust—yer hear?

*Ruf.* We'll make a sure job of it. (*produces a knife*) Feel the edge of this. I ground her myself.

*Drakes.* An' for what do I want to feel it for? (*produces a flask*) Have a bit, won't yer? (*drinks himself and then passes the bottle*) That's the stuff.

*Ruf. (after drinking)* And sure it is.

*Drakes.* Hist! Get behind a tree.

(*they retire—DRAKES L. and RUFFIAN R.*)

*Enter BETTIE, L. E., cautiously.*

*Bettie. (looking about her)* I thought I heard a step.

(*sees LOUIS who appears from R., and gives a slight cry*)

*Louis.* It is you, is it? Are you not out rather late?

*Bettie.* Louis Stevenson! you here! How you frightened me!

*Louis.* Ha, ha, ha! I have been waiting for you. You waited to see me once—remember? Turn about is fair play.

*Bettie.* I do not understand. What do you mean?

*Louis.* Simply that I knew when you went home you would pass through the park, and have waited for you. I have a little matter of business that I thought it might be well for us to talk over privately.

*Bettie.* With me?

*Louis.* We will not waste words. To the point—what I have to say is, you know too much of my past. My proposition is that you go away from here—disappear—and then you can not be questioned.

*Bettie.* Go away! Where would you have me go? I have no money.

*Louis.* Go to the devil, anywhere, only that you leave here. I will furnish you with money.

*Bettie.* Keep your money. I want none of it. I understand your plan. You are afraid that I will speak the truth. Once you said you would marry me. Now it is another girl. You would wreck her happiness, that you might obtain her father's money. Think you that I will help you do this?

*Louis.* Bettie, listen to me?

*Bettie.* I have already listened to you too often.

*Louis.* You think me heartless and deceitful—you misjudge me. I told the truth when I said that I loved you. But I could not afford to marry on the salary I was receiving. Bettie, I still love you! Wait until I get hold of old Dodson's thousands, and there are divorce courts. When I am free, then I will keep my promise.

*Bettie.* Your promise is not worth that! (*snaps her fingers in his face*) Ha, ha, ha! You marry me? No, never! I scorn you! I despise you! I was once fool enough to believe you, but with bitter tears of regret have I paid the penalty. I am not again to be bought

with promises. You are a villain—a thief. You stole the money from the company's safe. One word from me, and you occupy a prison cell.

*Louis.* A prison cell! Ha, ha! a brave speech!

*Bettie.* I will expose you and your shameless deeds.

*Louis.* Not so bold, my pretty girl. Be careful what you say. (*shows his revolver*) An accidental discharge, a lifeless body, a revolver lying near—it would point to suicide. Who could say different? But, accede to my plans, and all will be well.

*Bettie.* (*drawing back*) Never! Shoot, if you dare! Do your worst—take advantage of a helpless woman that you have decoyed into your power. I am not afraid to die! But the memory of the crime will haunt your dreams—make you wretched—miserable.

*Louis.* You refuse?

*Bettie.* I refuse!

*Louis.* My plans are not to be frustrated! I am not to be balked by a woman! Ho! Then! (*steps back*)

*Enter DRAKES, L. E. and RUFFIAN, R. E.*

*Bettie.* (*turning to L. sees DRAKES*) What! Who are you? (*DRAKES draws a knife and advances, BETTIE retreats toward R.*) Do not kill me—have mercy?

*Ruf.* Come, through with this business.

*Bettie.* (*turning, sees the RUFFIAN*) Help! murder!

*BETTIE throws up her hands, falls forward, caught by RUFFIAN and carried out R.—exit DRAKES, R. E.*

*Louis.* Nothing more to fear from her? (*exit R. E.*)

*Enter FRED, L. E., stops and listens.*

*Fred.* I thought I heard a cry for help. I am sure it was a woman. (*listens*) Yes, I hear some one down the path. I may yet be of assistance. (*exit R. E. hastily*)

*Enter ARIEL and KATE, L. E.*

*Ariel.* This is the place by this old tree. Often have we met here before. No one would fear danger here.

*Kate.* But I'm half afraid to be here. I did not know that the grove was so dark at night.

*Ariel.* I fear not the darkness! It is a friendly covering. But 'tis unfortunate when lovers have to envelope themselves in night's cloak, and hide themselves as some culprit who skulks along in out of the way places, and finds in darkness a cover for his evil deeds.

*Kate.* Indeed it is, and my conscience troubles me as if I were doing something I ought not to do. My—(*shivering*) the damp and the gloom send a shiver through me, and I'm afraid of every shadow.

*Ariel.* Ah! timid girl, we are safe enough here. I would meet Robert once more—it may be the last time. Lovers mind not the damp and gloom if but each others hands they clasp! Nor feel they the night dews when their blood runs warm, and their heartbeats are quickened by the joy of each other's presence. (*listening*) Hark! I thought I heard a step! Let us step behind these trees, and if it be Robert, I will meet him alone. (*they retire*)

Enter BELKNAP, R. E.

*Bel.* How strong is love's ardor when such a gloomy spot as this is selected as a meeting place. How unfortunate a love is ours, when, to meet each other, we must seek the cover of night. This is the last time that I shall see Ariel. Her honor demands that we do not meet again. Yet, I could not deny this one last meeting—but once again to touch her hand—once more to gaze into her face. (*listens*) Should she not come—if detained—intercepted! (*ARIEL appears*) Ariel, you venture all this for me—come to this lonely place?

*Ariel.* (*throwing herself into ROBERT'S arms*) I think not of that! The pleasure of being by your side causes the gloom to vanish. These trees afford a friendly protection. They betray no secrets.

*Bel.* But you did not come alone, to-night?

*Ariel.* No, Kate came with me. We can trust her.

*Bel.* I blame myself that I let you come. I love you too well. Ariel, to let you peril your good name by clandestine meetings with me. We meet to-night but to part.

*Ariel.* And why do you say that we are to part? Are there barriers so high that they can not be surmounted? Are there locksmiths so cunning that love can not find a way to shove their bolts?

*Bel.* It is more than locks and bolts. There are things which can not be overcome. God knows that I have fought against them—that I have been honest—tried to be a man. Forgive me if in the ardor of my love I have been rash?

*Ariel.* But who can tell how soon all obstacles may be removed? Have courage, and do not despair? I ask not to be released from my promise to you!

*Bel.* For your sake I have released you. I should never have asked you to be my wife. I am not worthy of you. I never was worthy of you. And yet, you gave me your love, a love as pure and confiding as ever woman give to man. It was more than I had a right to accept—more than you had a right to give. I will not drag you down to my own level. No, never! Think me not capable of such an act? Let us part—friends. It is all I can ask.

*Ariel.* Robert, I do not believe the charges which have been made against you! I will defy public sentiment! Yes, I will brave my own father's anger! Your love is all I ask. What your lot may be, I am willing to share it. Remember, my father started in life as a poor mechanic. My mother was his wife in the days of his poverty. Did she shrink from bearing her share of the burden? No, never! Were she alive to-day she would not oppose her daughter marrying a man because he was poor.

*Bel.* Ah! Ariel, little you know what poverty is! Your white hands were never made for hard work.

*Ariel.* My hands were not made for idleness.

*Bel.* It would be madness! Help me to be brave. I was mistaken—you could not understand—it must be—better we part now.

*Ariel.* You force this upon me? You cast me off? I am nothing to you?

*Bel.* Ariel, forgive me if I cause you pain!

*Ariel.* And now you would be rid of me?

*Bel.* Don't! I have enough to bear. Heaven knows this is made necessary. I can not even give you the poor cheer of a laboring

man's cottage. I am to be a wanderer. I must work to pay back every cent of that money taken from the company.

*Ariel.* You pay it back?

*Bel.* Yes, if God grants me life and health.

*Ariel.* And you innocent—your father—

*Bel.* Innocent in the sight of heaven. But my father was responsible for the safety of that money.

*Ariel.* I do not understand. But you are not bound—

*Bel.* Don't tempt me from the path of duty. Already I have kept you too long. You will be missed.

*Ariel.* (*aside*) O, this is too bitter! My love was life—without it, life is death—living death. (*aloud*) You bid me go—this—and we are not to meet again?

*Bel.* (*taking her hand*) Yes—good-bye—Ariel.

*Ariel.* (*aside*) And this is all.

(*exit* L. E.

*Bel.* O! my God, she's gone! Am I forever to dwell in this black night? What reason have I for living? I can find relief in death. No, it would not remove the stain from my father's name! It would not dispel the cloud which darkens my sister's life. My life is not my own! I must live—for others—if—not—for myself. (*exit* R. E.

*Enter* DRAKES and RUFFIAN, L. E.

*Drakes.* An' Oi niver thought of the old mill.

*Ruf.* Yer think she's safe?

*Drakes.* An' the divil she'll get away.

*Ruf.* Er—she's a mad un.

*Drakes.* Hic—hic—yer ought to see Mary.

*Ruf.* An' who in the divil is Mary?

*Drakes.* Hic—hic—Mary's me wife. Er family man Oi am. Hic—hic—but Mary's a terror.

*Ruf.* An' did she marry yer for yer beauty.

*Drakes.* Faith an' she did. Hic—hic—we're a lovely pair.

(*stand side by side*  
(*lock arms*

*Ruf.* That's us.

*Drakes.* We're a pair of trumps. Hic—hic—

*Ruf.* (*breaking away*) Come on with ye.

*Drakes.* Hic—hic—yer say Mary'll have it Oi'm drunk. Yer just go. Hic—Oi won't go home till morning.

*Ruf.* An' Oi'll be goin' without yer.

(*exit* R. E.

*Drakes.* An' good day to ye. An' Oi'll slape in the park. Faith, an' if there was only a bench. Hic—hic—an' Mary may kape a waiting, Oi'll niver go home to-night. Hic—hic—(*sits down behind a tree*) An' if Oi slape here what is it to any one?

*Enter* STEVENSON and BELKNAP, L. E.

*Stev.* Robert, I do not want you to think hard of me.

*Bel.* But it was through you that I lost my place. Tell me why I was discharged? The Colonel gave me no reason—he would not even talk with me. Certainly you can explain this.

*Stev.* How should I know?

*Bel.* You are foreman in the shops. The Colonel consults you regarding such matters.

*Stev.* Sometimes, but not in your case. Since the robbery the Colonel has only waited an excuse to discharge you.



*Bel.* You mean to tell me that the Colonel believes that I know anything about that robbery?

*Stev.* No, most assuredly not. It would be all my place is worth were I to mention it openly, but who could have taken the money but Col. Dodson himself? He had access to the safe.

*Bel.* What, Col. Dodson took it. No!

*Stev.* Wait. It is reasonable to suppose so. He had been speculating. His credit was strained. No doubt he borrowed it—at least intended to replace it, but the loss was discovered. There was no time or opportunity for explanation, and it would have been exceedingly embarrassing to the Col. Dodson to have made any explanations. Who was in charge of the funds? The cashier, your father. It was easy to fasten the guilt on him. Why is it that the Colonel has taken a sudden dislike to you, will not talk with you, will not see you? Have you not seen this? Are you blind?

*Bel. (aside)* My God, can it be. I seem to see it in a different light now. The Colonel took the money—Col. Dodson—he the thief. O! my father, my father! It killed him. He was never himself again after being accused of the crime!

*Stev.* This is not all. Was it not strange for Colonel Dodson to keep the son of the man who robbed him in his employ? But he grew suspicious—he is afraid of you.

*Bel.* Great God, is there no such thing as justice? Is there no such thing as honor?

*Stev.* Come! I hear some one coming. We can talk this matter over as we go along.

*Bel. (aside)* Can this be true? The Colonel knew my father was innocent. (exeunt L. E.)

*Enter CARRIE, R. E., cautiously.*

*Carrie. (looking about her)* I wonder what is going to happen. Men hurry by me, some of them under the influence of liquor. Even the air seems to breath of trouble, and Robert has not been home for supper.

*Enter FRED, R. E.*

*Fred. (stopping abruptly)* What, you, Carrie! And out alone at this time of night! It is not safe!

*Carrie. (putting her hand on FRED's shoulder, and looking up into his face)* Oh, Fred, I am so glad to see you! What is it—so much excitement? And have you seen Robert?

*Fred. (assuringly)* Never you fear for Robert's safety! But you should not be out alone! Come, I will see you home.

*Carrie.* But what is going to happen? Is there going to be a riot?

*Fred.* No one can tell, but I would not be surprised if it came to that. The company has had its property closely guarded all day. An attempt is going to be made to put new men in the places of the strikers. *(noise in distance)* There, you can hear the men now.

*Carrie.* I wish I knew where Robert was. *(sounds grow louder)* Are they coming this way?

*Fred.* It may be. At least things look bad. You should not be out.

*Carrie.* If I could only find Robert.

*Fred.* Come, and after I have seen you home I will try and find

him.

*Carrie.* Let me go with you?

*Fred.* I can not. Coming through the park, not an hour ago, I heard a woman's screams. I was about to follow, but was intercepted by Louis Stevenson. I will tell you more as we go along.

*Carrie.* A woman's screams. Who could it have been?

*Fred.* I do not know. But it is not safe here.

*Carrie.* I am alarmed for Robert's safety.

*Fred. (taking hold of her arm)* Come, we must hasten.

*Carrie. (aside)* I fear to go, and I fear to stay! Something is going to happen—O! I know it—I can feel it. (exunt L. E.)

*Enter STEVENSON and BELKNAP, R. E.*

*Stev.* This is your opportunity.

*Bel.* My opportunity! The Colonel took the money—stole it. He is my father's murderer.

*Stev.* Yes! and as 'tis you who has suffered most, it shall be in your power to meet out vengeance against your father's murderer. Is not such revenge sweet?

*Bel.* I meet out revenge! *(aside)* How queer I feel! I do not seem to understand! My head! It is that liquor I drank. Oh! yes, revenge—avenge the wrong done my father. Yes, I know now.

*Stev.* For the man who wrecked your own life, and destroyed your sister's happiness, is there any punishment too severe—and means that are not justifiable? This bomb *(exhibiting the bomb)* gives you the means of redress. A time fuse is attached. Hurl this at the man who is your father's murderer.

*Bel.* What—this a bomb—you would have me throw it?

*Stev.* Just so! You hesitate? Are you a coward? Is the murder of your father nothing to you? The wrong done your sister? Why do you stand there staring at me?

*Bel. (aside)* I don't seem to understand. I feel so strange!

*Stev.* Coward!

*Bel.* I, a coward! No, never! Ha, ha, ha! Did you think me a coward? Give me the bomb. I will hurl it into his very face! Down with tyrants! This in the name of justice! (takes bomb)

*(DRAKES aroused by noise, listens unseen at rear)*

*Stev.* That is the way to talk. See, yonder is the Colonel's house! *(points to L.)* You see that lower window—there where the light is—the Colonel occupies that room.

*Drakes. (aside)* An' what in the devil is it all about?

*Bel.* Yes, it is the Colonel's library.

*Drakes.* An' a foin library it is.

*Stev.* Fling this bomb through the window! I will light it. *(strikes a match and lights the fuse)* Quick—it will not burn long!

*Drakes. (aside)* May the holy saints protect me.

*(frightened, gets behind a tree)*

*Bel. (aside, hesitating)* What! And Ariel—should she be killed! What am I doing? Am I mad? *(aloud)* You would have me commit murder!

*Stev.* Quick—the fuse is burning—your life!

*Bel.* My life is nothing to me.

*Stev.* Coward, you play me false!

*Bel.* I will not throw it!

*Stev. (rushing upon him)* Your life shall pay for this!



STEVENSON stands with back to R. and BELKNAP hurles him back as he rushes upon him, and then throws the bomb past him to R.

*Bel.* Wretch!

*Louis.* (*rushing in from L. with drawn revolver*) You shall not escape me!

*The bomb explodes, and immediately after LOUIS fires—BELKNAP has turned and falls in C. of stage.*

*Stev.* (*throwing his hands to his breast*) My God, I am shot!

(*falls at R. side*)

*Louis.* Father! (*starts toward him, stops and points to BELKNAP*) 'Twas meant for you. (*stooping over his father*) He's done for. (*rising*) I must conceal my part in this affair.

(*lays his revolver by BELKNAP*)

*Enter in order DRAKES, WORKMAN, COLONEL and ARIEL from C. and L. and FRED from R.—LOUIS bends over his father.*

*Drakes.* I thought me breath had flown from me body. Someone send for a doctor.

*Workman.* A man shot!

*Col.* What, Robert Belknapp. Stevenson! (*to LOUIS*) This must have been an accident!

*Ariel.* (*clinging to COLONEL*) What, father, what is it?

*Louis.* (*rising, to COLONEL*) An attempt to murder you. By an accident, miscarried. I was in time to prevent the crime. The bullet that was meant for me, my father received. Here is the murderer.

(*points to BELKNAP*)

*Drakes.* Ther bullet was fired by Louis Stevenson. Faith, and it were! (*LOUIS looks at him threateningly*) by Robert Belknapp.

*Col.* (*to DRAKES*) Man, you are excited.

*Officer.* (*stooping over and placing his hand over his heart*) He is not yet dead.

*Col.* Better he were. He is only saved for the gallows.

*Enter CARRIE R. E.—rushing in, frightened.*

*Carrie.* (*sees BELKNAP*) My brother—my brother, killed! (*stoops over him and lifts up his head*) Speak to me? It is me. Robert, Robert! O! why does not some one send for a doctor?

*Drakes.* If Oi hadn't been killed myself Oi'd have gone.

*Louis.* Little need for a doctor. Better die here than be hung.

*Ariel.* This is so strange.

*Col.* Not strange! (*to LOUIS*) You who have saved my life deserve more than gratitude, my boy. (*to ARIEL*) Ariel, you must recognize Mr. Stevenson's claim upon us.

*Ariel.* (*to LOUIS*) Louis, forgive my coolness toward you. I shall endeavor to repay you for this debt I owe you for saving my father's life.

*Louis.* (*taking ARIEL's hand*) I would risk my life a dozen times for this little hand. You must help me bear my father's death.

*Ariel.* Yes, yes.

*Carrie.* Can it be he is dead? My brother, dead! Alone—alone!

(*faints, and FRED catches her, kneeling on one knee, supports her*)

*Fred.* No, not alone! By heaven! God shall judge if this be not murder!

## ACT IV.

SCENE.—*Grounds near COL. DODSON's house—trees in the background, old tree and shrubbery near the back and on either side; garden benches or chairs—time, night—ARIEL leaning against a tree, waiting.*

*Enter COLONEL, R. E.*

*Ariel.* Father, what news?

*Col.* Everything the same. I thought all difficulties might be adjusted, but the men are unreasonable in their demands. I met a committee of the strikers not an hour ago, and they refused to accept the company's terms. God knows I want to do what is right.

*Ariel.* Will the shops remain idle?

*Col.* We can not afford to remain idle. We will have to put new men in.

*Ariel.* And they will take the places of the old men?

*Col.* Yes. We will have no difficulty in filling their places.

*Ariel.* It will cause much suffering among the families of the men thrown out of work. I believe if they knew how matters with the company are, they would accept the terms offered, and return to work.

*Col.* The men have little judgment or forethought. They are influenced by their leaders who think to dictate terms to the company. But if we can not manage our own business we may as well go into bankruptcy—it will come to that sooner or later.

*Ariel.* I am certain an agreement can be reached. Before this there has been good feeling between the officers of the company and the men.

*Col.* Yes, but somehow things have gone wrong since we lost that money. I do not know why it is. *(starts to go L.)* We've been having plenty of trouble.

*(drops a letter in taking his handkerchief from his pocket)*

*Ariel.* *(aside, picking up the letter and looking at the address)* Why—it is Robert's handwriting! *(to COLONEL)* Here—you have dropped a letter. *(handing it to him)* Is it important?

*Col.* No, it is nothing. *(takes the letter)* Some fellow writes to me, threatening my life.

*Ariel.* Threatens your life? I did not know that you had an enemy! *(aside)* It surely was his handwriting! No, it could not be. He never would have threatened my father's life.

*Col.* Here, look at it? *(thrusts it into her hand)* I was intending to place it in the hands of the detective who is working on the Belknap case. What do you think of the handwriting?

*Ariel.* *(shrinking back, opening the letter)* I can not read it well, it is so nearly dark. *(aside)* It looks like—no—he would not have written it. *(examines it closely)* It is his writing. No, no, it is different. *(aloud)* The writing is strange to me. The hand is disguised. *(throws the letter on a seat)*

*Col.* *(picking the letter up—aside)* Like a woman—impulsive—jump at things. *(aloud)* Answer me this, Ariel; do you think this could be Robert Belknap's handwriting?

*Ariel.* No—it is different—it is not his writing.

*Col.* You, of course, are not aware that when Belknap was arrested for the murder of Stevenson, the officers searched his house.

In one of the closets carefully hid, they found a large sum of money—more money than a fellow in Belknap's position was likely to come into possession of honestly. I at once put a detective upon the case. It had been intimated to me before this that Robert had a part in the robbery. God knows that I did not want to believe his father guilty, nor would I willingly believe his son guilty, but in the face of such evidence as has come to me, I am forced to this belief.

*Ariel.* Father, it is bad enough that a guilty man escape punishment, but it is infinitely worse that an innocent man is made to suffer for a crime he never committed. I believe that Robert Belknap had no knowledge or part in the robbery. Until he is proven guilty, do not condemn him.

*Col.* There is proof enough that Robert Belknap is a murderer. In regard to the robbery, we will wait developments.

*Ariel.* (*aside*) I can not realize it. Robert Belknap a murderer? He was always so kindhearted and generous—surely it can not be—there is some mistake. (*aloud*) What does he say? What explanation does he make?

*Col.* None that I know of. I have not seen him. I do not wish to see him.

*Ariel.* Are you not too severe, father—too hasty in your judgment? The murder is shrouded in so much mystery. The affair is so singular—so strange—the circumstances so improbable!

*Col.* Everything is explained! There is no mystery about the affair. It is as plain as daylight, and anyone could see that he was guilty. Defense in his case was useless.

*Ariel.* Yet, there may be circumstances we know not of. It may have been an accident—or in self defense.

*Col.* If we had not undisputable evidence as to his guilt, there might be reason in what you say. But you, my daughter, will not defend a murderer?

*Ariel.* I have a heart and a conscience.

*Col.* Mere sentiment.

*Ariel.* Father, remember how long I have known Robert Belknap—ever since we were children together. I speak in defence of one who has been my friend—one I have known only good of. Can you think me devoid of all feeling. I can not believe him guilty! Give him the poor charity of a doubt! Admit the possibility that he may be innocent; or, at least, do not condemn him unheard.

*Col.* This is not worthy of you, Ariel. Have you no pride? Come, my dear, we will talk of other things. The preparations for your marriage—your dresses! Let me see, when is the day set for?

*Ariel.* (*aside*) My marriage! God pity me, for in sight of heaven it will not be a marriage. (*aloud*) I wish that it might not be hurried. You, father, will be left alone. My first duty is to consider your happiness and welfare.

*Col.* For my happiness it will be sufficient that I see you married and settled in a home of your own. There are reasons why your marriage should not be delayed.

*Ariel.* But, father—

*Col.* Come, come! you are keeping me from my supper.

(*exit L. E.*)

*Ariel.* One short week, then I am no longer free. And when the time comes, and I stand at the altar, instead of happy smiles more likely will come tears of sorrow. O! why could it not have been

him I have loved so long. With him I could have smiled at poverty, but I am forced into this ill assorted marriage. Oft' will my thoughts go out to that dark, narrow prison cell, to him, no less a prisoner than I will be, married to a man I do not love. (*exit L. E.*)

*Enter LOUIS, R. E.*

*Louis.* I thought I saw my bird. Well, well, it is the cage, rather than the bird I want. I already fancy I see myself master around here. The Colonel has not long to live. He's an old dotard. Some day, heart failure, a paralytic shock, and all is over. Ah, ha, ha! I am playing my cards well.

*Enter KATE, L. E.*

*Kate.* Mr. Stevenson.

*Louis.* (*turning and bowing*) Miss Kate, please inform the Colonel that I wait his pleasure. (*KATE starts to go, LOUIS calling*) By the way, please mention to my affiance that I have called. (*LOUIS bowing, exit KATE, L. E., with courtesy*) Ah! Ariel, my pretty girl—but what would she be without her father's money? Take her out of the luxury of this home—make a common mechanic's daughter of her, and she's no prettier than a score of girls I could name. Education, culture, associations have done their work. She's more of a lady, that's all. Ha, ha, ha! I'm a lucky dog. (*impatiently*) I wonder why the deuce the Colonel keeps me waiting.

*Enter COLONEL, L. E.*

*Col.* Ah! it is you, Louis. Why did you not come in? My house is always open to you.

*Louis.* I preferred to wait here. I have the honor of informing you that the strike is off.

*Col.* (*taking LOUIS by the hand*) The strike is off! They accept our terms!

*Louis.* They do. All difficulties have been adjusted.

*Col.* This is too good! too good! (*turns and goes to L., and calls*) Ariel! Ariel! my daughter! (*returns*)

*Enter ARIEL, L. E.*

Ariel, Louis brings us good news.

*Ariel.* (*hesitating, aside*) O! why should I dislike to meet him—he who is to be my husband—the one person whose presence should give me joy and happiness.

*Col.* The strike is at an end.

*Ariel.* (*advancing*) At an end! How thankful I am. (*to LOUIS*) Good evening, Mr. Stevenson.

*Louis.* Miss Ariel.

*Col.* (*to LOUIS*) I will leave Ariel to entertain you. I must see to giving some orders. The wheels of the shops shall move to-morrow. (*exit L. E.*)

*Louis.* (*taking ARIEL's hand*) Why will you not call me Louis? You are so cold and formal! Am I unworthy of your love?

*Ariel.* (*withdrawing her hand*) I do not consider you unworthy.

*Louis.* I am beneath you, in birth, in fortune—for these reasons

you do not value my love!

*Ariel.* Love does not consider rank and fortune.

*Louis.* To be honest, I can but consider it; yet I had hoped that my love and devotion would bridge the chasm which separates us. On the very eve of our marriage you greet me as you would greet a stranger.

*Ariel.* Not intentionally—I have tried—you can not understand. (*approaching him*) Would it not be better were our wedding day postponed? I've not been in the best of health of late—the excitement—and all that has occurred during the past two months has caused a nervous strain. You will consent to this—just a short delay?

*Louis.* (*aside*) The deuce, no! I must insist! (*aloud*) Postponed wedding days are unlucky days. Consider, my love, how long I have waited? A change of scenes, a short wedding tour will bring back the color to your cheeks.

*Ariel.* Marriage is not a relation to be entered into hastily. And there are many things to be thought of and done in the meanwhile.

*Louis.* Not hastily! I have waited years. Think how long it was before you would say, yes. Had not the prize been so fair, and well worth the winning, I fear I would long since have given up in despair. But, Ariel, what reason is there that I should be longer put off?

*Ariel.* I only asked it. (*turning away, aside*) I gave my hand, but the love every woman should give the man who is to be her husband, I could not give. (*aloud*) I ask that you be not too hasty—consider, that our marriage be not ill advised?

*Louis.* (*aside*) Not ill advised for me. Everything depends upon it. (*aloud*) You gave your promise! I may yet win your heart.

*Ariel.* It was my father's wish, and it was your right, for you have a claim upon me for once having saved my life. I only asked that the day be postponed, but as it has been set, so let it stand. It matters not much—a month—a year—a little more or less. It is all to come in a lifetime, and life is short or long enough at worst or best.

*Louis.* (*aside*) For worse or best! This kind of a spirit suits me well. Once we are married, and she will not be likely to oppose me. (*aloud*) You are despondent! The excitement and nervous strain has been too much for you. I can understand what your anxiety has been—the attempt to destroy the house—even the danger you were daily exposed to.

*Ariel.* (*aside*) I can not comprehend all that has transpired! And that night! Danger—(*aloud*) I never had fears for my own safety.

*Louis.* You know about the letter to your father—the threats made! It is well that the perpetrator of such an outrage is safe behind prison bars. A narrow escape it was—

*Ariel.* (*holding up her hand*) Don't! I wish I could blot the whole scene from my memory!

*Louis.* I will respect your wish. I, too, would if I could, blot from my mind the thought of what I saw that night—the explosion—the pistol shot—my own father lying dead at my feet! One happy thought alone remains to me—that I was able—it may have been—to save your life. But willingly again would I risk my own life to protect you from harm.



*Ariel.* It would not be worth your while! But think me not ungrateful for such service. I will no longer seek to postpone our marriage.

*Louis.* I knew you would not, *Ariel*. It will be a happy day. But I am keeping you too long! One kiss, and I am off! (*kisses her, aside*) The game is won! (*aloud*) Au revoir! (*exit L. E.*)

*Ariel.* He has gone! It does not pain me to have him go, nor did it give me pleasure to have him come! This is not love! No, no! Yet he is to be my husband. What will my life be? Of that I do not want to think. 'Twould drive me mad.

*Enter CARRIE, R. E.*

*Carrie.* Am I intruding?

*Ariel.* (*turning*) Oh! Miss Belknap, you wish to see me, or is it my father?

*Carrie.* If I may see your father.

*Ariel.* It is in regard to your brother—I know without your telling me.

*Carrie.* What other reason could I have for coming here? I do not come to ask charity, but come seeking mercy. Yes, I come to ask mercy of one who knows not what mercy is.

*Ariel.* You do my father an injustice. The matter rests wholly with the court.

*Carrie.* Courts which are made the tools of the rich and influential. At whose instigation was it that my brother was charged with being a thief? Who is it that accuses him of being an assassin? Only a short time ago, none knew aught against him, his character was above reproach; now it is made out that he is a heartless villain. Yet, what evidence is there that he is guilty of any crime? What are the circumstances under which he almost lost his own life? Does it seem probable that he is the hardened criminal he is represented to be?

*Ariel.* I have never believed that he was.

*Carrie.* You have known him long?

*Ariel.* Yes, since we were children—known him to respect him and love him.

*Carrie.* It may be nothing to you now, who are so soon to marry another, but his love was that of devotion—even idolatry. You coldly cast him off. Even though you scorned his love, his devotion never ceased. He would have given his own life rather than the least harm come to you. Would you have cared had he been killed, or does it matter that he now lies sick, forsaken, friendless and in prison?

*Ariel.* You wrong me! I never cast him off! It was his wish—he forced it upon me. I have always believed him innocent, have pled for him, went down upon my knees to my father, and begged of him to spare him. I have interceded for him all in vain. O! Robert, Robert, you will not charge me with having turned against you.

*Carrie.* He is too generous to do that. Yet, you are to marry another almost as soon as you have parted from him. Does that show your devotion—your love for my brother? Have you ever made inquiries regarding him? Did it ever concern you that it was his love for you that brought him to death's door? No, you who are so

soon to be the bride of another can easily forget him.

*Ariel.* Stop! I have enough to bear! Your words cut me like a knife. I, false to your brother? Never! to my last day I will never cease to love him. I was forced to this promise. I could not refuse—I was powerless.

*Carrie.* And you are to marry a man you do not love?

*Ariel.* Yes, even so.

*Carrie.* Ah, unhappy woman!

*Ariel.* Yes, I am unhappy. My life is miserable. I would have married Robert—shared poverty with him—forsaken home, father, everything. But he would not have it. He put me off. I thought it might be because he did not love me.

*Carrie.* He loved you far too well. He would save you from disgrace. He was unselfish. Did it ever occur to you that you are about to marry his worst enemy—the very man who has brought about his ruin?

*Ariel.* Louis Stevenson his enemy? And why should that be?

*Carrie.* Then, indeed, you have been blind. Listen, when my brother was sick and unconscious of what he was saying, he constantly mentioned your name, and always as if he would save you from some danger. Only incoherently could I get the story, but from his own lips I learned that one whose name I will not mention, fired that shot, intending it for him. Strange it was that it should have found another mark, strange indeed. Some things we can not understand, but I trust in an all merciful God.

*Ariel.* Yes, strange, strange! I can not understand why Louis is so anxious our marriage shall take place.

*Carrie.* There are reasons why.

*Ariel.* Oh! I have been deceived. I have been blind. My promise has been wrung from me through false representations. Do you think I do not suffer? What will my life be? What happiness can I expect? O! wretched, wretched that I am!

*Carrie.* The delirium of fever often unseals the lips, but the truth is only partly told.

*Ariel.* It is enough.

*Carrie.* If I should see your father—my errand—

*Ariel.* It would be of no avail. I have pled with him. He is immovable. No, no! I will not have you meet him. I will save you that pang.

*Carrie.* Then I have accomplished nothing. Some day, when too late, truth may assert itself. (*starts to go*) Is there any word from you I might carry to my brother?

*Ariel.* Yes—wait! Tell him that I still believe him innocent. Better that I had been killed—no, no! do not tell him that. It would make him unhappy. Give him my love. No, he would scorn it! But tell him—tell him that I am not false—tell him—no, I will go with you. Can I? He would not refuse to see me?

*Carrie.* I do not think he would refuse to see you, but he would blush to receive you within dingy prison walls.

*Ariel.* But I must see him. Does he not care for me?

*Enter COLONEL, L. E., unobserved.*

*Carrie.* Robert still loves you.

*Col.* What! This is—she comes here!

(*starts forward*)

*Carrie.* Never has he uttered a word of censure or reproach.

*Col. (to CARRIE)* What do you want?

*Carrie.* I did come, come to—

*Col.* I will not hear you. Begone! These are my grounds!

*Ariel. (clinging to her father, kneeling)* Father, what has she done? Have pity!

*Carrie.* No, I want not pity.

*Col.* Begone, I say! What right have you to come here? *(raising his hand as if to strike her)* I could strike you to the earth!

*Enter FRED, R. E.*

*Fred. (seizing the COLONEL'S uplifted arm)* You would strike a woman!

## CURTAIN.

### ACT V.

*SCENE.*—Interior of a prison—BELKNAP sitting on a stool or broken chair.

*Bel.* A prison cell! This the reward for honesty! This, for the faithful discharge of my duty! I, at times, think I am dreaming, or am I mad, and this a madhouse? My wound pains me. Would that it had been fatal rather than this miserable existence. I've tried to recall where I was that night. I can't remember, it's all a blur. 'Twas the night of the riot—I was with Stevenson—we went into a saloon—and after that all is a blank. And, I killed Alex. Stevenson! They say I did—and I'm a murderer—murderer! And will be hanged! O my God! *(clock strikes nine)* A half hour more and I'm to receive my sentence. O God, I am innocent! Strange how laws are made to read. Is there not a greater crime I may yet be made to suffer for? *(sounds heard without)* Some one comes!

*Enter CARRIE and JAILOR or OFFICER, C. E.*

*Officer.* I will leave you with the prisoner. In one-half hour he is to be taken into court for sentence. *(exit C. E.)*

*Carrie.* Did you think that I would never come?

*Bel.* No—but you were so long. Nothing can be done—there is no hope? I read it in your face.

*Carrie.* All my efforts have been of no avail. Trust that the judge may be merciful.

*Bel.* Who is my judge but God, above? He knows that I am innocent, but men make laws and say that I am guilty. Where on earth is there such a thing as justice?

*Carrie.* O Robert, it breaks my heart! I had hoped—I have prayed—even to the last—and now—left alone—without you—

*Bel.* Sister, be brave! I will try to be a man, let come what may. You will marry Fred—promise me you will? He has been like a brother to me, and I will feel better knowing you are to be his wife.

*Carrie.* Yes, if he wishes it! Poor boy, he has taken your imprisonment hard. Not for a moment has he given up hope. Yet, to-day, he looked so sad I felt sorry for him. 'Twas when I told



him I had been to see Colonel Dodson.

*Bel.* You called on the Colonel? I would have asked no favors from him! Could I have prevented it, you should not have gone.

*Carrie.* I did not see him—only—but—I saw—would you care to have me tell you?

*Bel.* Yes, you may tell me all. But do not be too hard on her, sister. I have wronged her far more than she has wronged me. Forgive her for anything she may have said?

*Carrie.* I have naught to forgive her for. I rather should ask her pardon for my unkind thoughts regarding her. She is a noble, honest girl. I wonder not that you love her. She would have sent you a message—then she would come and see you—but—

*Bel.* No, no, she must not see me—not here. I have no wish to add to her unhappiness. Unfortunate girl to marry—I will not speak his name.

*Carrie.* Robert, forgive her this step—'tis forced upon her.

*Bel.* Forgive her! yes. 'Twill make my sentence less hard to bear. What is the world without her. (*putting his arm around CARRIE*) Forgive me, sister, I mean not all I say! Do not cry! You are all the world to me—yes—yes—everything.

*Carrie.* (*starting*) I hear footsteps! (*sound heard without*) Can it be the half hour has passed—the officers have come?

*Bel.* I am ready! Be brave, sister! 'Twill help me to take my sentence calmly. (*waits*)

*Enter ARIEL, C. E., and throws herself into BELKNAP's arms.*

*Ariel.* Robert, I would see you once more. I stole away unobserved.

*Bel.* This is no place for you, Ariel. I would have forbidden it, could I have done so. The past had better be dead, buried and I forgotten.

*Ariel.* No, no, it can not be, Robert. I live in the past, for what have I to look forward to? O! I have been deceived—they made me believe you guilty—I was forced to give my hand to another—a man I loath. O! I am miserable—wretched! Do not censure me too greatly?

*Bel.* I do not, Ariel, but it gives me pain to hear you talk thus. Think not of me—forget me. I am not worthy of your consideration. I am a criminal, and when the doors shut me away from the world, let them also shut out all remembrance of the past?

*Ariel.* No, Robert, for I gave my heart to you. If not in this world, in the great hereafter we may meet and find our happiness.

*Bel.* Be it so, then. In the sight of God, I will stand acquitted. Farewell.

*Ariel.* (*starting slightly*) Some one comes! (*noise without*)

*Carrie.* It is the officers. (*louder noise*)

*Bel.* My time has come—we must part.

*Ariel.* (*clinging to BELKNAP*) Robert.

*Voices.* (*loud talking heard, excited*) I saw her come here! (*second voice*) We will soon see! Open the door, I say.

*Enter COLONEL and LOUIS, C. E.*

*Louis.* You see, I was not mistaken!

*Col.* What does this mean, Ariel? You here?

*Ariel.* I am here.

Col. (to BELKNAP) This is some of your work, sir!

(lifts his cane as if he would strike him)

Ariel. (standing before the COLONEL) Strike me! I came here of my own accord!

Col. You came here at the instigation of this man! Stand back, I say!

Ariel. I came here because the man I loved was here.

Col. It is a disgrace. I can not own you as my daughter. Away from me, away! I can not own you.

Bel. (stepping forward) Spare your daughter—spare yourself! I confess that all blame should fall upon me, but the wrong I did was months ago when I first won her love. I did it openly and honestly. God knows that as far as was in my power I have tried to undo the wrong I have done her. Censure me, if you will. I am a prisoner—guilty or innocent, it does not matter. Treat me as a villain, charge me with any crime you wish, strike me to the floor, but spare your daughter—she is blameless.

Louis. (angrily) Fine talk from a murderer. You scoundrel, the gallows is none too good for you. I have a mind to knock you down.

Bel. Strike if you dare! It would be the first time you did not strike me in the back!

Carrie. (pleading) Robert, consider—mind him not?

Bel. I do consider. He is a coward.

Col. What do you mean, sir? You are insolent.

Bel. I plead innocent of that charge.

Louis. Innocent, indeed! A likely story, ha, ha! You plead innocent!

Ariel. It is true. I believe him innocent.

Louis. You—

Col. Ariel, my child, this is hard for your old father. Will you not come with me? I can forgive you.

Ariel. (clinging to her father) Father, this is the first time I have disobeyed you. I can not come—not now.

Col. (turning as if to go) You break my heart—my child—all I have in the world.

Ariel. Father.

Louis. (to ARIEL) Have you no regard for your promise—our relations. I shall insist, as I have a right to do, that you leave here. I shall stay no longer.

Ariel. And I say to you, go! A promise obtained through false representations I hold to be no promise.

Col. Ariel, my daughter, you do not mean this?

Ariel. Yes, I mean it, every word.

Guard. (calling) Time is up! All visitors must leave the prison.

Ariel. (taking BELKNAP's hand) Robert, I must go.

Bel. Think not of me, Ariel, your father waits.

Col. My child—my child—turns from her old father.

Louis. (to ARIEL) Once more I ask, will you come? You will choose between me and this criminal.

Ariel. I have already chosen. Once more I say to you, go!

Enter OFFICER, C. E., who places his hand on LOUIS's shoulder, detaining him.

Officer. Hold on, I have something to say about your going. Isn't

your name Louis Stevenson?

*Louis.* Yes. What do you want? (*attempts to pass the OFFICER*)  
Get out of my way!

*Col.* He came with me.

*Officer.* I have a warrant for his arrest. We'll arrange, I'm thinking, to let him stay right along.

*Ariel.* (*aside*) A warrant!

*Col.* It can not be—there is certainly some mistake!

*Louis.* For my arrest? I demand to be made acquainted with the charges. Where is the writ?

*Officer.* Certainly. Here it is.

(*hands LOUIS a paper which he clutches nervously*)

*Louis.* Ho, ho! (*attempting to appear unconcerned*) Theft—did take certain property and money. Some mistake, of course.

*Col.* Mistake! Undoubtedly so! I will arrange for bail. My word ought to be as good as the bond. (*to LOUIS*) You need not be detained. (*takes the writ*) Who swears to the complaint?

*Enter FRED, C. E., followed by BETTIE and DRAKES.*

*Bettie.* (*stepping forward*) I do.

*Louis.* What you, Bettie Norris?

*Bettie.* Yes, Bettie Norris, in flesh and blood.

*Bel.* (*aside*) What does this mean?

*Col.* These are strange proceedings.

*Louis.* The charges are false. The whole thing is an outrage.

*Fred.* (*stepping forward*) It would be an outrage had we not the proof of your guilt.

*Louis.* (*angrily to FRED*) This is some of your doings. I'll make you smart for it!

(*attempts to draw pistol, but is disarmed by OFFICER, handcuffed*)

*Bettie.* An accidental shot! A lifeless body would point to suicide.

*Col.* I have offered to furnish bail.

*Fred.* Those charged with murder are not released on bail.

*Louis.* You charge me with murder?

*Drakes.* (*proudly*) Oi do, begorra! Faith, an' wasn't Oi an eye witness of the shooting!

*Col.* (*aside*) Charged with murder.

*Currie.* (*to BELKNAP*) O! Robert, you are innocent!

*Bel.* Hush, sister!

*Col.* (*to LOUIS*) What does this mean, sir? I ask for an explanation.

*Louis.* (*aside*) It means that I have played my last card, and that I have lost the game. (*to COLONEL*) Explanations are useless. I am sorry, Colonel, I shall be obliged to decline the honor of accepting your daughter's hand. (*to ARIEL*) You are free to marry your prison bird.

*Col.* You have imposed upon my confidence, deceived me!

*Louis.* Keep cool, Colonel, you might die of heart failure before the wedding.

*Officer.* (*taking him by the arm*) Come.

*Louis.* (*bowing*) I bid you all good day. And you, Miss Dodson, a previous engagement will prevent me from being present at your wedding. Au revoir. (*exit OFFICER and LOUIS, C. E.*)

*Col.* I am gradually comprehending. I realize that I am an old

## THE STRIKE.

man and sometimes blind, but God knows that I want to do what is right. (to BELKNAP) Robert, I offer you my hand.

*Bel.* (taking the COLONEL's hand) I will ask that I be given my old position, and be allowed to pay back the money lost when my father was in your employ.

*Col.* No! no! he was innocent. There is another I have to speak of. (to ARIEL) Ariel, child, you have been a dutiful daughter, and you will make a good wife. (to BELKNAP) I give her into your keeping, take her.

*Ariel.* Robert.

*Bel.* Ariel, my own Ariel.

*Col.* God bless you, my children, God bless you.

*Drakes.* Faith, an' may ye niver forget yer friend, Drake O'Flannigan.

CURTAIN.

THE END.

# Ames' Plays--Continued.

NO.	M.	F.	NO.	M.	F.
53	Out in the Streets	6 4	401	Box and Cox	2 1
50	Rescued	5 3	344	Badly Mixed	2 2
54	Saved	2 3	289	Colonel's Mishap	5
102	Turn of the Tide	7 4	287	Cousin Jostah	1 1
67	Three Glasses a Day	3 3	225	Cupids Capers	4 4
67	Ten Nights in a Bar-Room	7 3	317	Cleveland's Receipt'n Party	5 3
18	Wrecked	9 3	224	Day in a Doctors Office	5 1
<b>COMEDIES.</b>			345	Deacon Jones' Wife's Ghost	4 0
121	An Afflicted Family	7 5	249	Double Election	9 1
81	Biter Bit, The	5 2	220	Dutchy vs. Nigger	3 0
241	Bird Family	8 5	379	Dutchman's Picnic, The	3 0
27	Caught in the Act	7 3	188	Dutch Prize Fighter	3 0
248	Captured	5 4	407	Dr. Baxter's Servants	4 0
178	Caste	5 3	218	Everybody Astonished	4 0
75	Case of Jealousy	4 2	224	Fooling with the Wrong Man	2 1
131	Cigarette, The	4 2	233	Freezing a Mother-in-Law	3 2
388	Farmer Larkin's Boarders	5 4	154	Fun in a Post Office	4 2
220	Girl from the Midway, The	3 2	274	Family Jars	5 2
307	Heroic Dutchman of '76	8 3	309	Goose with the Golden Eggs	5 3
99	Home	5 3	307	Hallabahoolla, the Medicine Man	4 3
421	In a Spider's Web	8 5	271	Hans Brummel's Cafe	5 0
783	Joshua Blodgett, 25c	7 2	116	Hash	4 2
621	Johannes Blatz's Mistake	4 3	140	How He Popped the Question	1 1
174	Love's Labor Not Lost	3 3	74	How to Tame Your Mother-in-Law	4 2
267	London Assurance	9 3	366	Hotel Healthy	4 3
341	Miss Blothingay's Blunder	3 3	398	Haunted Hat, The	2 0
111	Miss Topsy Turvy	4 4	308	Irish Squire of Squash Ridge	4 2
418	Muldoon's Blunders, 25c	5 3	95	In the Wrong Clothes	5 3
149	New Years in N. Y.	7 6	305	Jacob Shlaff's Mistake	3 2
37	Not So Bad After All	6 5	299	Jimmie Jones	3 2
228	Our Boys	6 4	11	John Smith	5 3
155	Our Daughters	8 6	90	Jumbo Jun	4 3
370	Our Summer Boarder's	6 3	406	Judge by Proxy	5 2
263	Pug and the Baby	5 3	303	Kiss in the Dark	2 3
114	Passions	9 4	389	Kitty and Patsy	1 1
254	Prof James' Experience		380	Katie's Deception	4 2
	Teaching Country School	4 3	228	Lauderbach's Little Surprise	2 1
219	Rags and Bottles	4 1	302	Locked in a Dress-maker's Room	3 2
259	Scale With Sharps and Flats	3 2	106	Lodgings for Two	3 0
104	Servant's vs. Master	6 2	288	Love in all Corners	5 3
375	Slight Mistake	0 5	328	Landlord's Revenge, The	3 0
221	Solon Shingle	14 2	139	Matrimonial Bliss	1 1
363	Stub, 25c	8 3	231	Match for a Mother-in-Law	3 2
262	Two Bad Boys	7 3	235	More Blunders than One	4 3
76	Three Hats, The	4 3	69	Mother's Fool	6 1
240	\$2,000 Reward	2 0	208	My Precious Betsey	4 4
229	Valet's Mistake	5 4	212	My Turn Next	4 3
51	Winning Hand, The	6 2	32	My Wife's Relations	4 6
384	Widow McGinty, The	5 4	273	My Neighbor's Wife	3 3
<b>TRAGEDIES.</b>			313	Matchmaking Father	2 2
16	The Serf	6 3	356	Mike Donovan's Courtship	1 3
<b>FARCES &amp; COMEDIETTAS</b>			354	Mystic Charm, The	0 4
182	Actor and Servant	2 0	349	My Mother-in-Law	2 4
316	Aunt Charlotte's Maid	3 3	285	Mashers Mashed, The	5 2
310	All in a Muddle	3 3	296	Nanka's Leap Year Venture	5 2
303	Andy Freckles	4 3	359	Nobody's Moke	5 2
301	Actor's Scheme, The	4 4	395	Nip and Tuck	3 1
352	Awful Carpet Bag That	3 3			
175	Betsey Baker	2 2			
86	Black vs. White	4 2			
352	Bridget Branigans Troubles	2 2			

# Ames' Plays-Continued.

NO.		M. F.	NO.		M. F.
340	Our Hotel.....	5 3	253	Best Cure, The.....	4 2
334	Olivet.....	3 2	325	Coincidence.....	3 2
381	Our Family Umbrella.....	4 2	222	Colored Senators.....	3 2
400	Obstinate Family, The.....	3 3	214	Chops.....	3 2
57	Paddy Miles' Boy.....	5 2	100	Crimps Trip.....	7 10
217	Patent Washing Machine.....	4 1	378	Gittin' Sperience in a Doc- tor's Office.....	4 2
165	Persecuted Dutchman.....	6 3	153	Haunted House.....	4 0
288	Professional Gardener.....	4 2	24	Handy Andy.....	2 10
195	Poor Pilicody.....	2 3	236	Hypochondriac The.....	3 0
392	Pat McFree.....	7 3	282	Intelligence Office, The.....	3 0
412	Popping the Question.....	2 4	319	In For It.....	3 1
276	Printer and His Devils, The.....	3 1	361	Jake and Snow.....	3 2
159	Quiet Family.....	4 4	88	Mischievous Nigger.....	4 2
169	Regular Fix.....	6 4	256	Midnight Colic.....	1 1
180	Ripples.....	2 0	128	Musical Darkey.....	3 2
171	Rough Diamond.....	6 3	61	Not as Deaf as He Seem.....	2 0
267	Room 41.....	2 0	353	Nobody's Son.....	2 0
315	Rascal Pat, That.....	3 2	214	Old Clothes.....	3 2
416	Ruben Rube.....	2 1	234	Old Dad's Cabin.....	3 2
68	Sham Professor The.....	4 0	246	Othello.....	3 4
295	Spellin' Skewl, The.....	7 6	297	Pomp Green's Snake.....	2 0
309	Santa Claus Daughter.....	0 5	134	Pomp's Pranks.....	2 0
138	Sewing Circle of Period.....	5 3	258	Prof Bones' Latest Inven- tion.....	3 0
115	S. H. A. M. Pinafore.....	3 2	177	Quarrelsome Servants.....	3 0
55	Somebody's Nobody.....	2 2	107	School.....	3 10
327	Strictly Temperance.....	4 2	133	Seeing Bosting.....	3 0
232	Stage Struck Yankee.....	2 2	179	Sham Doctor.....	3 0
241	Struck by Lightning.....	5 0	243	Sports on a Lane.....	3 0
270	Slick and Skinner.....	5 2	92	Stage Struck Darkey.....	2 1
1	Slasher and Crasher.....	4 0	238	Strawberry Shortcake.....	2 0
365	Stupid Cupid.....	0 8	122	Select School The.....	3 0
358	Snow Ball.....	3 3	108	Those Awful Boys.....	3 0
346	Signing an Actor.....	1 1	245	Ticket Taker.....	3 0
413	Switched Off.....	0 8	216	Vice Versa.....	3 0
326	Too Many Cousins.....	3 3	206	Vilkins and Dand.....	4 1
339	Two Gentlemen in a Fix.....	2 0	210	Virgin a Mummy.....	3 1
137	Taking the Census.....	1 1	205	William Tell.....	4 4
167	Turn Him Out.....	3 2	156	Wig-Maker and His Ser- vants.....	3 0
28	Thirty-three Next Birthday.....	4 2			
292	Tim Flannigan.....	5 0			
263	Trials of a Country Editor.....	6 2			
166	Texan Mother-in-Law.....	4 2			
281	Two Aunt Emilys.....	0 8			
367	\$10,000 Wager.....	4 2			
312	Uncle Ethan.....	4 3			
269	Unjust Justice.....	6 2			
213	Vermont Wool Dealer.....	6 2			
7	Wonderful Telephone.....	3 1			
332	Which is Which?.....	3 3			
151	Wanted a Husband.....	2 1			
56	Woofing Under Difficulties.....	4 3			
70	Which will he Marry?.....	2 8			
135	Widower's Trials.....	4 5			
147	Waking Him Up.....	1 2			
155	Why They Joined the Re- beccas.....	0 4			
414	Who's Who?.....	3 2			
403	Winning a Wife.....	2 1			
111	Yankee Duelist.....	3 1			
157	Yankee Peidler.....	7 3			
377	Yacob's Hotel Experience.....	3 0			

GUIDE BOOKS.	
17	Hints on Elocution.....
130	Hints to Amateurs.....
MISCELLANEOUS.	
215	On to Victory, Cantata.....
250	Festival of Days.....
260	Cousin John's A-burn, Pan- tomimes.....
399	Happy Franks So.....
399	Ames' Select Recitation No. 1.....
397	Mother Earth and Her Wag- atable Daughters.....
360	Ames' Series of Medley Recitations and Tableaux No. 1.....
382	Ames' Series of Medley Recitations.....

## ETHIOPIAN FARCES.

204	Academy of Stars.....	6 0
172	Black Shoemaker.....	4 2
98	Black Statue.....	4 2

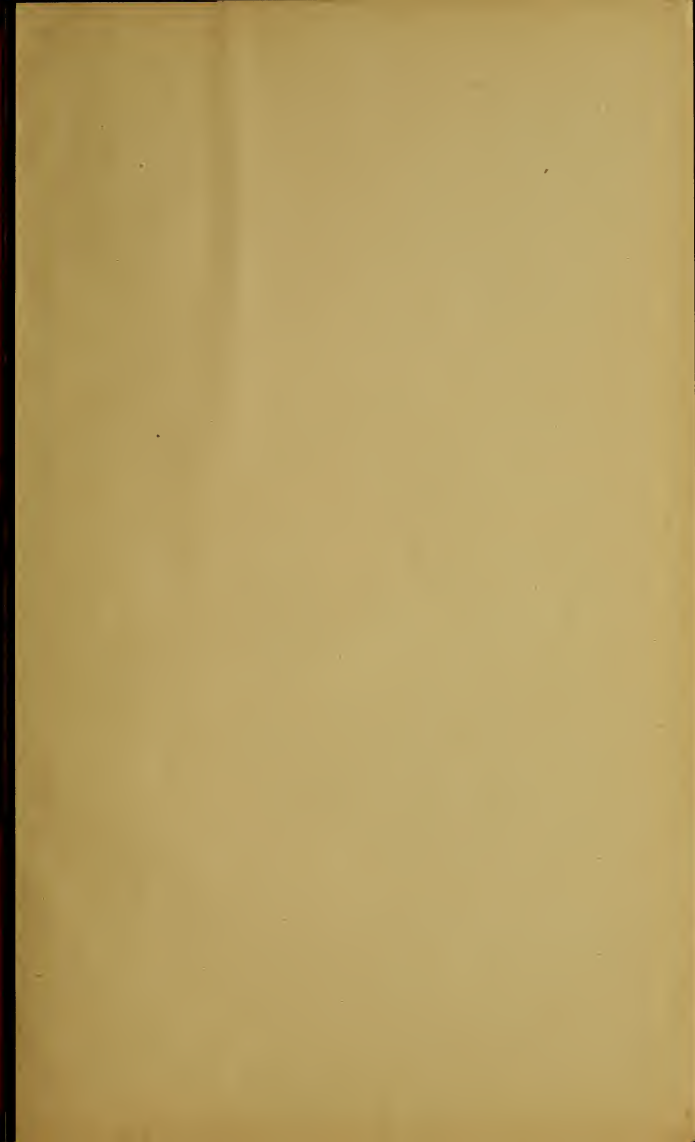
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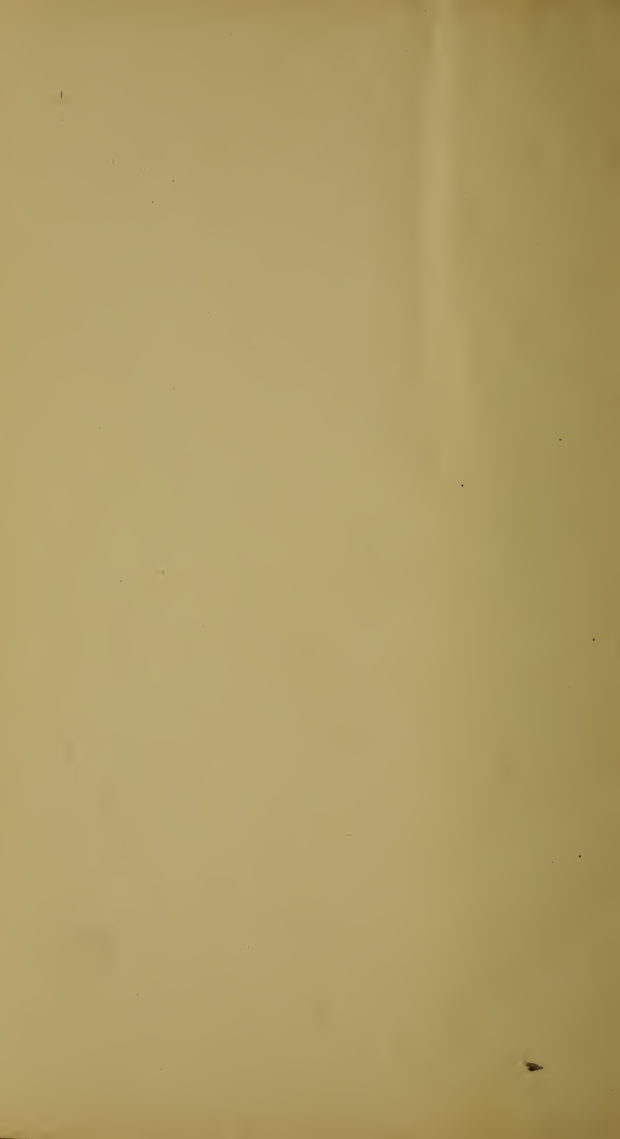
## MISCELLANEOUS.

215	On to Victory, Cantata.....	3 0
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	Ames' Select Recitation No. 1.....	3 0
397	Mother Earth and Her Vir- table Daughters.....	0 10
360	Ames' Series of Madry- Recitations and Tableaux No. 1.....	3 0
382	Ames' Series of Madry- Recitations and Tableaux mimes No. 2.....	3 0
376	Joan of Arc Drill.....	3 0
371	Victim of Woman's Rights.....	3 0
184	Family Discipline.....	3 0
186	My Day and Now a Day.....	3 0

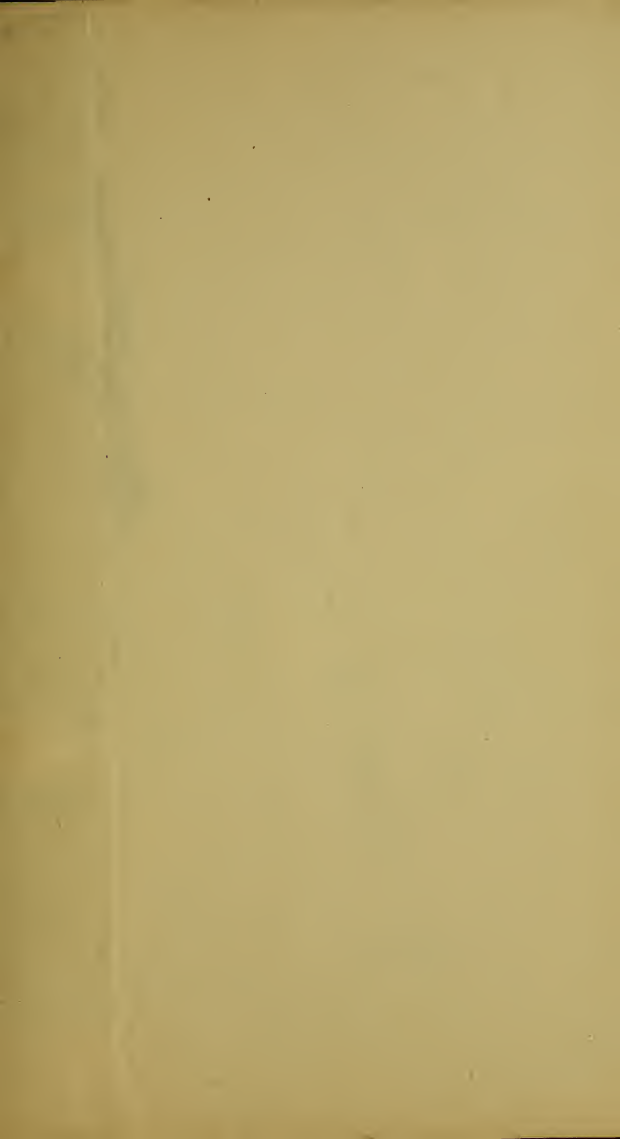
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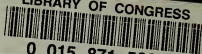








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